A Louer forſaken of his Loue.

To a new Court tune.

I Dy to the perſon of my Loue,
Although that ſhe doth me diſdaine,
Fixt are my thoughts,
And cannot remoue:
But yet I loue in vaine.
Shall I loſe the ſight
Of my ioy and hearts delight,
Or ſhall I ceaſe my ſute,
Shall I ſtriue to touch?
Oh no, that were too much,
She is forbidden fruit.
Ah woe is me,
That euer I did ſee
The beauty that did me bewitch,
But now alas I muſt forgoe
The treaſure I eſteém'd ſo much.

Oh whither ſhall my ſad heart goe,
Or whither ſhall I flye?
Sad eccho ſhall reſound my plaint,
Or elſe alacke I needs muſt dye.
Shall I by her liue,
That no life to me will giue,
But deadly wounds my heart?
If I flie away,
Oh will ſhe not cry ſtay,
My ſorrowes to conuert?

Oh no, no, no,
She will not doe ſo,
But comfortleſſe I muſt be gone:
But ere I goe
To friend or foe,
Ile loue her, or I will loue none.

A thouſãd good fortunes fall to her ſhare,
Although ſhe hath forſaken me,
Fill'd my ſad heart full of deſpaire,
Yet euer will I conſtant be:
For ſhe is the Dame
My tongue ſhall euer name,
For branch of modeſty,
Chaſt in heart and mind,
Oh were ſhe halfe ſo kind,
Then would ſhe pitty me.
Oh turne againe,
Be kind as thou art faire,
And let me in thy boſome dwell,
So ſhall I gaine,
The treaſuer of loues paine:
Till then, my deareſt Loue, farewell.

FINIS.

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